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Requiem

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Requiem

Dedicated to the memory

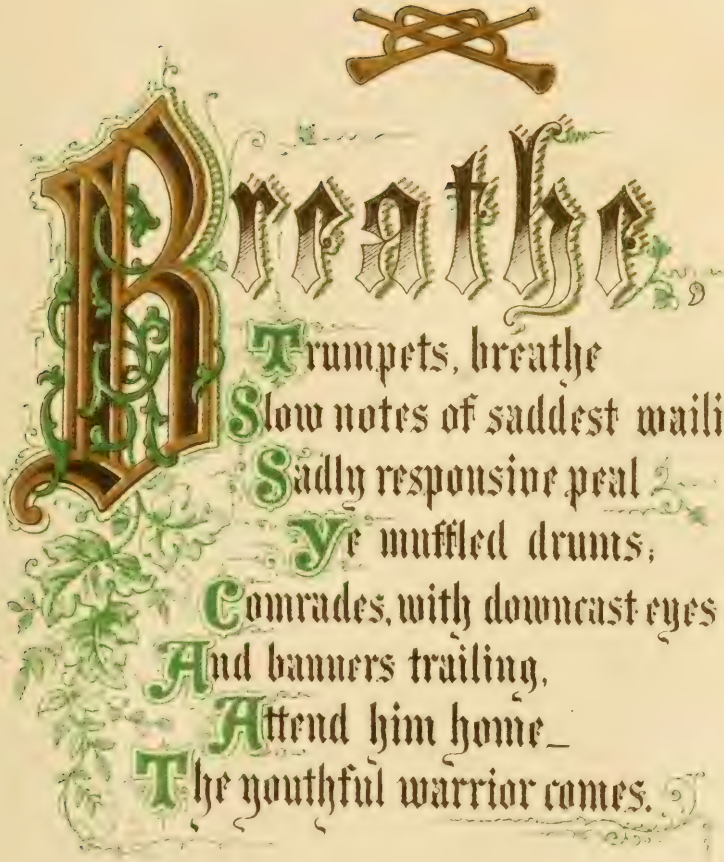
of the slain in battle.

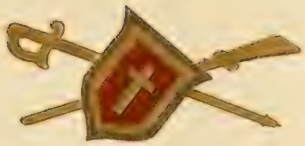
1862

by

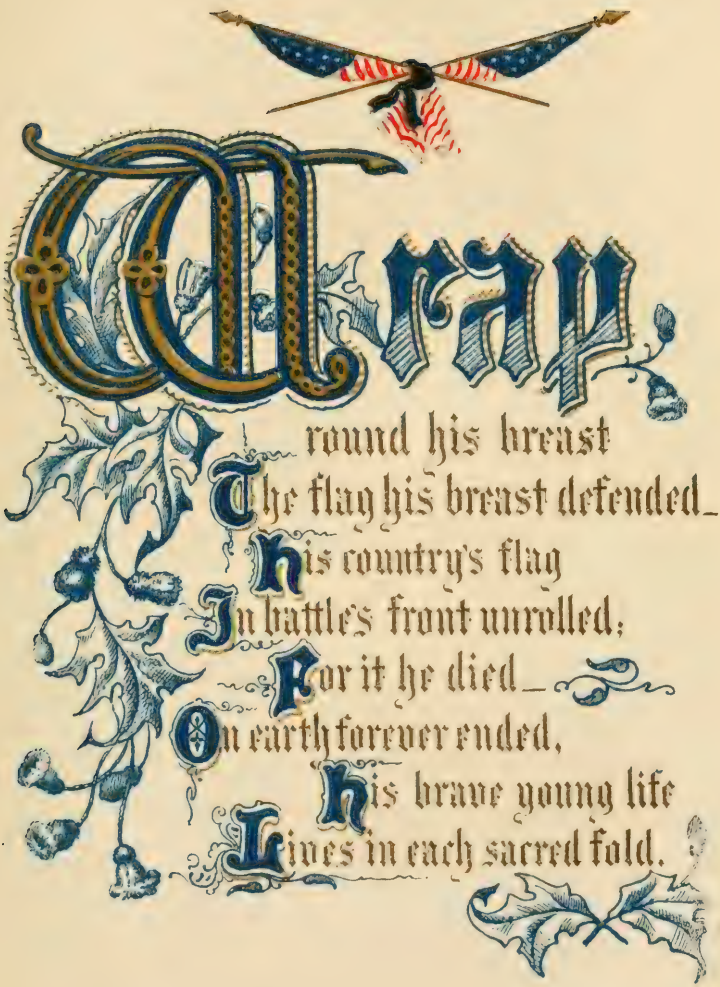
George Lunt

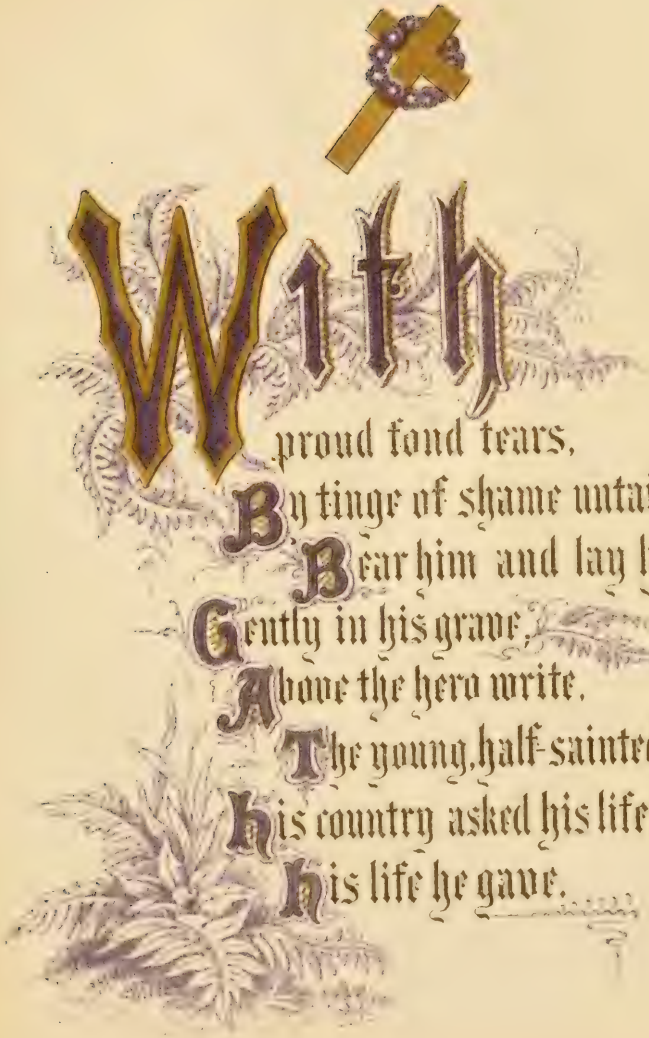
M&N


Breathe,
Trumpets, breathe
Slow notes of saddest wailing,
Sadly responsive peal
Ye muffled drums;
Comrades, with downcast eyes
And banners trailing,
Attend him home—
The youthful warrior comes.



Upon
his shield,
Upon his shield returning,
Borne from the field of honor
Where he fell—
Glory and Grief together clasped
In mourning,
His fame, his fate,
With sobs exulting tell.


Gray
round his breast
The flag his breast defended
His country's flag
In battle's front unrolled;
For it he died
On earth forever ended,
His brave young life
Lives in each sacred fold.


With proud fond tears,
By tinge of shame untainted,
Bear him and lay him
Gently in his grave,
Above the hero write,
The young, half-sainted—
His country asked his life,
His life he gave.

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